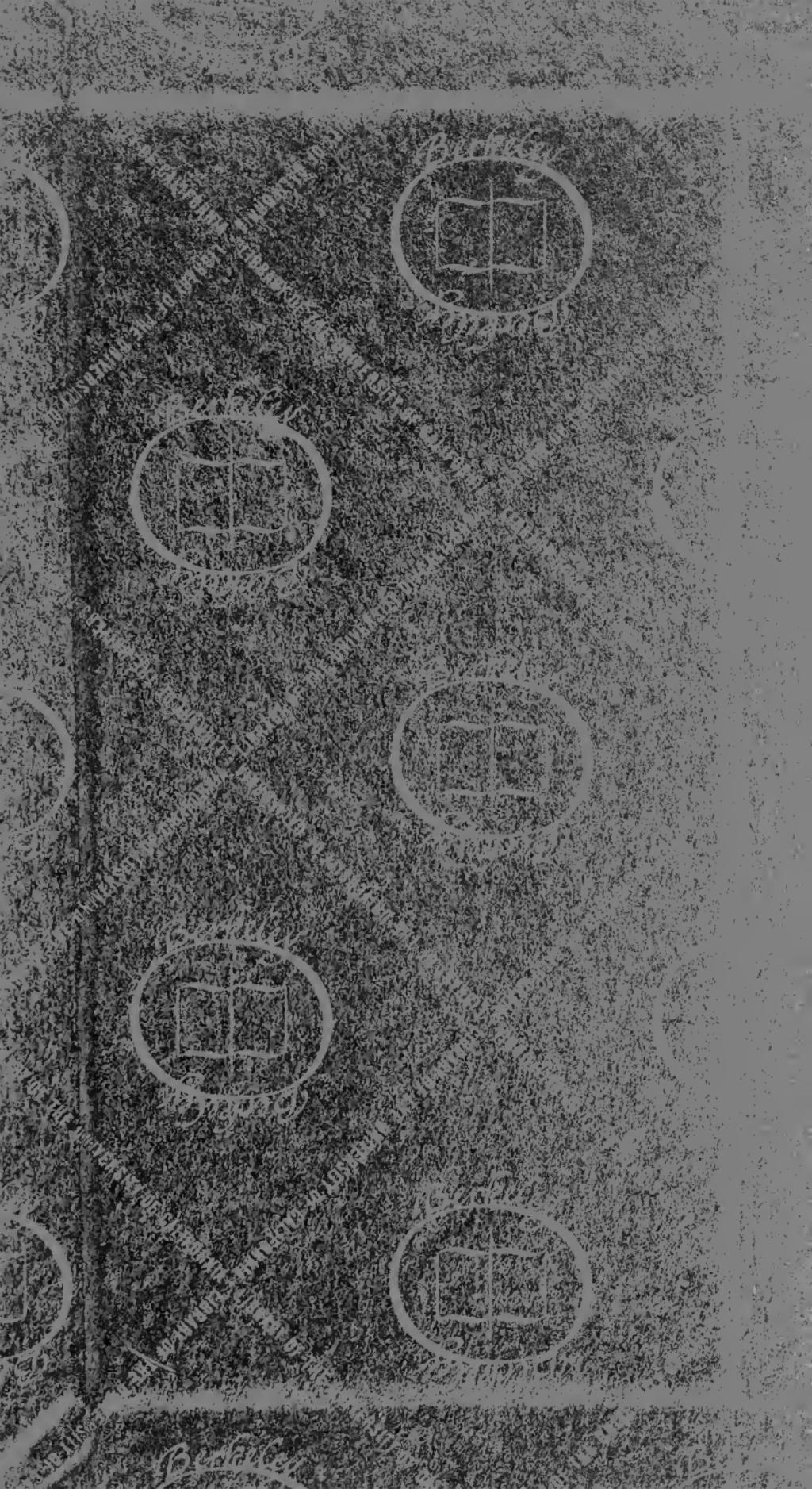
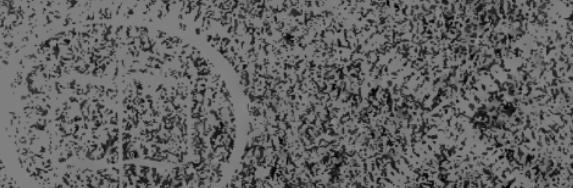
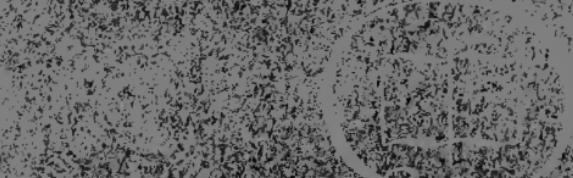


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Darazel.

66 Drama

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Mr.

EVERETT

J. H.
DARANZEL;

OR,

THE PERSIAN PATRIOT.

AN ORIGINAL DRAMA.

*Pilgrim Hall Library,
IN FIVE ACTS, Pamphlets, Vol. 92*

As performed at the Theatre in Boston.

BY David Everett.

Corrected and improved by a Literary Friend.



BOSTON,
PRINTED BY JOHN RUSSELL.
1800.



PROLOGUE.

star

YE rightful sovereigns of a fertile soil,
 Where copious plenty pays the laborer's toil ;
 Where growing commerce freights each flowing tide.
 With CERES' *bounty*, and with NEPTUNE's *pride* :
 Since your brave fires their savage inmates crush'd,
 'The tocsin silenc'd, and the war-whoop hush'd ;
 The hostile canvas less'ning from your shore,
 The last remains of curst invasion bore ;
 Dead be the mem'ry of a noble foe ;
 Where bled the hero, let the olive grow.
 Let dove-eyed peace succeed to war's alarms,
 Bid savage rancor rust on useless arms ;
 Her amplest boon to modest merit give,
 And guard those arts by which your glories live.
 Your approbation's smiles let genius share ;
 From chilling frosts its budding blossoms spare.
 Let not the panders of your taïte opposé
 'The foreign bramble, to the native rose.

With nothing higher than a noble aim,
 Your CANDOR's all the author dares to claim.
 Untaught by rules, he makes his guide the heart,
 And modest nature deems the pride of art.
 No tragic tale from hist'ry forms his plan ;
 His facts are passions, and their hist'ry, man.

While in the court the supple pander shines,
 And cheerless virtue in the dungeon pines ;
 'The elder world's disasters rise to view,
 To foil the stubborn virtues of the new :
 While these in contrast on the stage appear ;
 There the proud despot—the firm patriot here ;
 That rob'd in power—this, arm'd with nature's laws ;—
 From scenes like these, the bard his moral draws.—

O, learn, Columbia's sons, to prize your land,
 Where no bold tyrant dares to lift his hand ;
 Where rules a chief, whose power is all your own,
 Virtue, his sceptre—and the laws, his throne ;
 Where, *to obey*—is every freeman's pride,
 And, *to rebel*—were worse than suicide !

To captious critics, vers'd in scenic laws,
 He dares not trust the merits of his cause.
 View then, ye lib'ral, with a candid eye,
 Kill not the bird, that first attempts to fly,
 But aid his efforts with parental care,
 'Till his weak pinions learn to ply the air,
 'Till the young pupil dare aloft to rise,
 And soar, with bolder flights, his native skies.

Persons of the Drama.

MEN:

<i>Daranzel,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. BARRETT.
<i>Calledon,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. BAKER.
<i>Orcastro,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. S. POWELL.
<i>Bartour,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. MUNTO.
<i>Arlem,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. USHER.
<i>Casmir,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. KENNY.
<i>Orontes,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. COLE.
<i>Asaph,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. LATHY.
<i>Osmyn,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. HARPER.

Officers, Guards, Prisoners, &c.

WOMEN:

<i>Indamora,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. S. POWELL.
<i>Zara,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. BAKER.
<i>Zaphira,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. BARRETT.

Daranzel.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *Daranzel's Camp.*

A distant view of the City, Castle, Harbour and Fleet.

Enter OSMYN, as from a march.

OSMYN.

WHAT awe profound the arms of freedom show !
When justice calls, 'tis glorious to direct
The avenging sword—O ! War, thou pride, and shame
Of man ! thy awful pomp swells the warm tide
Of youthful blood, and half absorbs my grief.
—But lo, Orcasto comes—a true bred soldier !
To bid me welcome in my country's cause.
To him shall friendship, school'd in earliest youth,
Devote one social hour ;—then War ! Revenge !
And Death ! I dedicate myself to you !

Enter ORCASTO.

Hail great Daranzel's son ! let me but find
A place among Orcasto's friends—I ask
No higher rank, no greater blessing :—

Orcasto. The man who draws his sword in freedom's cause
Needs not to *ask* the friendship of Orcasto ;
He is my brother, and compels my love.

The faithful zeal thou shov'st for Persia's rights,
 Enrols thy name among her noblest friends.
 To thy whole race is liberty indebted ;
 Scarce had the morning gilt the spires of *Ormus*,
 When thy brave father join'd Daranzel's army ;
 And now the son with equal ardor fir'd,
 Asserts his kindred to the blood of heroes.

Osm. Thanks, good Orcasto—be't our mutual aim,
 To value glory, only as it gives
 To injured man a bulwark 'gainst oppression.

Orc. Such Roman sentiments of patriot virtue
 Are not ill suited to the time's emergence.
 The number of our foes is now increas'd
 By hireling troops of Caledon's allies,
 Whose fleets now anchor in the bay of *Ormus*.—
 But say, my *Osmyn*, when thy mind surveys
 This massy edifice of regal power—
 Oppression's toil—propp'd up by long consent ;
 Does not some thought, revolting from our purpose,
 Stir up thy doubts, and bid thy arm decline
 The blow that strikes the vast colossus down ?

Osm. Had the proud fabric justice for its base,
 Time's latest hour might witness its duration ;
 But when 'tis founded on our pillag'd rights,
 And with the blood of innocence cemented,
 Its enemy is champion of our race ;—
 In such a cause, a *doubtful* thought were *traitor*,
 And *mercy* were but *treason*, falsely nam'd.

Orc. True my good *Osmyn*.—But to spare one gem,
 One precious gem, from ruin'd royalty,
 Would be more worth than worlds to this fond heart,
 That glows with love, and bleeds for thee, *Zaphira*.

(Aside.

DARANZEL.

Osm. What says my friend? I know thou lov'st
the Princess,

And speed the time, when liberty secur'd,
Shall bless your mutual hopes in splendid peace.—
On me, Orasto, ne'er will dawn that day!
The sharpest arrow from misfortune's bow,
Has pierc'd this heart, and half unman'd its vigor,
Thou oft hast heard the treacherous tale rehears'd,
And wept with me the loss of many a friend,
The victims of our foes—to make themselves
The first in crimes, pre-eminent in baseness,
They've clos'd the tragic scene with female blood,
And wreak'd their brutal vengeance on my wife.

Orc. Whose sword has wounded thus the soldiers
honor,

And fix'd upon its owner's name the **mark**
Of infamy?

Osm. The curs'd Belleferon's.

Orc. Fit deed for one, who heads the foes of freedom.

Osm. Four days ago he went, herald of peace,
And clemency! to murder all,
Who dar'd to advocate Daranzel's cause.
Like the guant wolf who seeks th' unguarded flock,
He, in my absence; found his prey—Silena
Fell by his hand, greatly disdaining life,
On his base terms.—What unexpected fate
Awaits mankind! secure of bliss, I found
Silena gash'd with wounds, and pale in death!
Struck with the sight, it chill'd my blood,
And stamp'd a gloom on every object round.

Orc. I know from *feeling*, how to *pity* sorrow;
And what it is to burn with indignation.

8 DARANZEL.

Long time agone, those veterans in fraud,
Who only war with women and with babes,
Seiz'd from my mother's arms her infant child,
The darling object of Daranzel's love ;—
Whether she lives, sequestered from her friends,
Or lies among the martyrs of our cause,
No diligence can learn. My mother too,
Still languishes, imprisoned by the king,
Who holds her life at his imperious will.

Osm. How can you bear with equal mind such ills ?
Had I thy steady soul, I might ride safely
Through war's rough storm, and wish to enjoy the calm
Of peace ; but, spite of all my fortitude,
Alternate grief and rage invade my breast,
And urge to just revenge, to glorious death.
An infant son, my only solace left,
May still survive to bear his father's name,
And taste the sweets of freedom and of peace,
Bought with the blood of all his ancestors.

Orc. We both are brothers in *misfortune's* lineage !

Osm. Then let this hour be sacred to our friendship

Orc. I give my heart and hand in mutual league.

My father and myself may fall in battle ;
If my imprisoned mother should survive
Our death ; be thou her son ; avenge her wrongs ;
And if my sister live, whate'er her fate
May be, protect her for *Orcastro's* sake,
And be to her a brother ?

Osm. This if I live,

Shall be my care ; but should I fall, and you
Outlive your friends ; when you shall hear my son,
With flowing eyes, cry, “ *where is my father ?* ”

DARANZEL.

Be thou to him a father and a friend ;
Imprint thy virtues on his tender mind,
And form his soul for all that's great and good ;
The thought will banish every wish to live,
And soften all the pangs that death can give. *(Exeunt.)*

S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

ZAPHIRA and ARLEM.

Arl. Princess, obedient to thy orders,
I approach thy presence.

Zaph. Arlem, I know thee generous and brave ;
My confidence in thee has been well prov'd ;
This hour demands thy steadiest honor,
And thy surest friendship.

Arl. Whatever fate awaits thy royal father,
Thou art secure in all his subject's love.

Zaph. Thou dost not fathom all my sorrow's depth ;
My mind no longer can support their weight ;
Thou must be partner in my secret anguish.
I am prepared to meet Daranzel's sword ;
Or bear the stern reproaches of my father ;
But can no more endure the dead'ning silence,
The cold indifference of Orcasto.

Arl. Oft have I seen the courtier's color change,
When, at the mention of Orcasto's name,
The imprison'd sigh has risen from thy heart,
Which, while it spoke their rival's triumph there,
Blasted their fondest hopes—their hopes in thee.

Zaph. Hope and despair too long have carried on
Their wasteful war within my tortur'd soul.
This hour must end the conflict—yes, Orcasto !
If thou hast love, here is its certain test—

(holding a letter.)

Here, Arlem, take this letter, 'tis the clue
 To unwind the secret to Orcasto's heart,
 Reveal my destiny, and change, perhaps,
 The fate of Calledon. I know thy will
 Joins with my father's foes ; but thou wouldst spare
His life, and ease a daughter's anguish.

Arl. Whate'er Zaphira wills commands my service.

Zaph. Bear to Orcasto's tent the flag of truce ;
 And with thee take this ring, the sacred pledge,
 To him well known ; it shall be thy protection.
 Deliver him this letter ;---as he reads it,
 Read thou his looks ; note every word, and bring
 Me back with diligence his answser.

Arl. My life shall be devoted to thy charge. [Exit.

Zaph. [solus.] And if success attend thy faithful zeal,
 (And heaven I'll importune with prayers to speed thee,) If on the tablet of Orcasto's heart
 One fond remembrance of Zaphira live,
 My father yet may reign in peaceful Persia,
 Blefs'd with Daranzel's and the people's love. [Exit.

S C E N E III. *Daranzel's Tent.*

DARANZEL meeting OSMYN.

Dar. Osymn! our country's genius hails thee welcome,
 And to our hands commits the fate of Persia.

Osm. Too long Daranzel have we brook'd oppression ;
 Freedom, in exile, mourns our nation's wrongs,
 And calls on us to reaffert its rights.

Enter ASAPH.

Asap. From Calledon a herald has arriv'd,
 And asks a secret audience with Daranzel. (Exit Osmyn.

Enter CASMIR.

Cas. Before I speak my embassy, let me
Avow my loyalty to Persia's king.

Dar. Thou may'st enjoy thy king, and he thy loy-
alty.

Cas. Are you still enemy to Calleon ?

Dar. So far as he is enemy to man.

Cas. Our king is man's *protector*, not his *foe* ;
His subjects pay their homage to him still,
And own him for their lord, and heaven's vicegerent !

Dar. The smiles of tyrants, and the praise of slaves,
May barter equal in your master's court.

Cas. Your haughty spirit, and your thirst for power,
May make you wish the place of Calleon ;
And you may varnish your licentious deeds,
With the fair guise of *justice*, *freedom*, and
The *rights of man* ! but proud——

Dar. No more !

I never drew my sword to fight the cause,
Which I would not lay down my life to gain,
And had I now as many lives to offer,
As Calleon inhumanly has taken
From those, in whom he found no crime but virtue,
I'd sooner lose them all than live like him !

Cas. The gall of fell rebellion taints your soul,
That mental jaundice has deceiv'd your reason ;
Else would you view in all its *grandeur*,
The lofty pyramid of kingly power,
Whose towering fabric braves the storms of time,
Admir'd by man, and consecrate by heaven.

Dar. Casimir, too long the splendour of a court
Has dazzled on thine eyes, and made them blind.

To the meek page of unassuming truth ;—
 Else had'st thou known, that spite of swords and mitres,
 Common consent's a living law ; which looks
 On former times, and mends the follies of
 The ancient world :—It's voice is God's ; and kings
 Themselves must stand or fall, as this directs.

Cas. This poisonous doctrine, from your tougue,
 has been

The bane of Persia ; but Daranzel, still
 'Tis in your power to save your forfeit life,
 And reconcile yourself to Calledon ;
 Tho' by our laws you are condemn'd to die,
 His gracious hand still holds out life and pardon,
 On these mild terms, that you dismiss your troops
 And yield obedience to his sovereign will.

Dar. Go, tell your king that I disdain his terms :
 I have in humble stile upon my knees,
 Explain'd to him the justice of our cause ;
 I have implored him to redress our wrongs :
 By him I was condemn'd to banishment—
 But tell him, Casimir, while Daranzel lives,
 That he will live in Persia ; and although,
 When young he fought for *him* in *foreign* climes,
 He now will fight his *country's* cause at *home*
 And loose those chains his ruthless hand has bound.

Cas. 'Twere well for you to look around, and see
 What 'tis you have to cope withal. Behold
 The castle's and the city's walls, strong arm'd
 With veteran troops. The fleets of kings, allied
 To Calledon, this day have fill'd the port,
 All ready to pour forth their warlike hosts.—
 Consider well, Daranzel, what must be

Your fate, when join'd with these in battle.

Dar. Deluded mortal, did'st thou never learn
 The impartial hand of justice weighs the fate
 Of war—I might have throng'd the field with numbers;
 All Persia stands prepar'd to pour her legions
 Upon your servile hosts; I've only led
 The few whose courage discipline has tutor'd,
 And we have sworn by him, who made us free,
 To break our country's chains, or greatly fall,
 A sacrifice at freedom's holy altar.

Cas. Presumptuous boaster; base, vain glorious man!
 Thy proud ambition and imperious pride,
 Which prompt thee thus, with most disloyal outrage,
 To erect against thy lawful sovereign's throne
 The fickle tumult of the mob, that page
 Thy heels—are their own chastisement!—
 Mark me, pretender! hast thou not forgot,
 Some tissue of thy fate, whose certain clue
 Our monarch holds—some secret avenue
 To reach thy heart, and peirce it to the core
 With every malady, that anguish knows?
 Do'st not remember (if thou'st *feeling* left,
 'Twill void more poison than the scorpion's tooth,)—
 Do'st not remember, that our royal master,
 To avenge thy crimes on all thy rebel race,
 Still holds in durance strong, thy captive wife,
 Whose very life its forfeiture incurs,
 Upon the beck and pleasure of his will?

Dar. Do I remember?—
 Can I forget thee, Zara? no never—
 So judge me heaven when thou rememb'rest me!

Aside.

Yes, supple pander, to thy master's shame,
 I *do* remember, since our nation's wrongs
 Have rous'd its manly spirit into arms ;
 Your brave, your royal legions, not daring,
 To attack my *army*, have, with coward theft,
 Way-laid and took by treachery my *wife*
 Unguarded by a soldier's arm—these are
 Your boasted deeds—women by rapine feiz'd,
 And murder'd or immur'd in prison—husbands
 Torn from their wives and helpless babes, and rack'd
 In torment on the wheel, or ling'ring out
 A life, or rather a whole age of death,
 In all the dreary horrors of a dungeon !

Cas. Thou know'ft, Daranzel, by our sacred laws,
 The life of every subject is the king's ;
 And he has by his royal sceptre fworn,
 If you his proffer'd mercy spurn, the life
 Of you and your vile mob, shall fate his vengeance,
 And that your wife, on my return, shall live,
 Or die, as you are loyal, or disloyal
 To your sovereign.

Dar. Egregious parasite !
 She is protected by that king who guards
 The just, and will avenge the crimes of despots.
 Go, prince of courtiers, tell your haughty lord,
 That if he dares to shed another drop
 Of guiltless freemen's blood, Daranzel,
 Whom he doth threat with death, and his brave troops
 Shall e'er the fun has blush'd upon his crimes,
 Avenge his wrongs, and fit his vassals free !

Cas. I have no more to say---you're fully bent
 Upon your own destruction. Go on proud man,

And let the wrath of an offended king
Decide your fate !—

Dar. Nay ; let the fire of heaven
Decide the fate of an offended king,
And punish, or reward, us both, as we
Regard or violate his sacred laws.

[*Exit Casimir.*

Re-enter OSMYN.

Osm. What terms, Daranzel, does the monarch offer ?

Dar. The price of freedom must be paid with blood,
Slavery, or death, are all the terms he offers.

Osm. Then give us death, if war decide it thus.
Those foreign slaves in whom the king confides,
Strike not a terror in the field of battle.
Our troops are emulous to meet the foe,
And count the useless moments long, that hold
The promis'd wreaths of victory from their brows.

Dar. Be it our care to lead them on to glory,
Direct by discipline their manly zeal,
Inspire its ardor for the public weal,
Till its full tide, on some auspicious day,
Burst o'er the throne, and sweep its wrecks away.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *A Field near the city. Moonlight.*

ZAPHIRA and ARLEM, in the habits of Persian Soldiers.

Zaph. Be on your guard, my faithful Arlem ;

Uncommon trembling seizes on my frame.
Has no patrole observ'd our wandering steps.
Or glanc'd upon my face?

Arl. Fear not, my princess !
Your helmet, and the veil of night, have hid
You from suspicion's eye. We're safe beyond
The guards.

Zaph. At yonder grove, and at this hour,
You say was his appointment ?

Arl. The time and place.—

Zaph. Ah ! who walks yonder ?

Arl. If, by the moon's dim light,
I see aright, 'tis his majestic form—
Orcasto's self, approaching to the grove.

Zaph. 'Tis he. —oh ! tell me Arlem, once again,
How did he look, when he receiv'd the pledge ;
And with what words reply !

Arl. When he received the ring, a silent sadness
His visage mark'd ; and, as he read your letter,
Oft chang'd his color ; thrice he kis'd the token ;
Then paus'd and figh'd and to himself exclaim'd
“ Die, every other passion of my soul,
My country's love shall breathe, with every breath.”

Zaph. Hope-killing words ! why not declar'd before ?

Arl. I saw, in all the movements of his soul,
Deep-rooted love remain'd but half conceal'd.

Zaph. I dread his presence ; yet I long to meet him.
This hour I am resolv'd to know his purpose.—
Wait near, good Arlem, see that none approach us.
Now to prepare me, lest this woman's valor
Should sink beneath my trembling heart's probation.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Grove. Moonlight.*ORCASTO, *solus.*

To climb the enchanted height of airy greatness,
 Regardless of the summit's dizzy danger,
 And, like the full eagle in his flight,
 To soar beyond society and law,
 Is the proud lot of man's fatuity :
 Thy lot ambition ! glittering evanescence !
 Farewel delusive dreams, youth's phantom pleasures !
 The victor's laurel and the world's applause ;
 Farewel sweet blandishments of pride and fame !
 All but the *princess* I can bid farewel !
 Thee, too, Zaphira !—yet this aching sense
 Could ne'er resign thee but with life's pulsation.
 Oft has this grove been witness to our vows.—
 O, cruel memory, cease thy painful office ?
 This grove, now destin'd to behold my heart
 Widow'd of every hope its fondness cherish'd.

*Enter ZAPHIRA.**Zaph.* Art thou Daranzel's son ?*Orc.* I bear that honor, sir, my name's Orcasto.*Zaph.* I have a message that demands thy audience,
 And challenges an answer from thy heart.*Orc.* From whom ?*Zaph.* The *Princess*.*Orc.* I wait the presence of Zaphira's self.*Zaph.* I am her friend and confidante, and come
 To make her presence welcome—thou know'st
 Before the sword of civil war cut off
 All friendship from the throne of Persia,

Daranzel was the friend of Calleon ;
And shar'd the highest honors of his court.

Orc. But now he claims a more exalted rank ;
And stands confess the *foe* of Calleon.

Zaph. And must Orcasto be Zaphira's foe,
Because Daranzel wars with Calleon ?

Orc. 'Tis not a time to talk of private plaints ;
It is a *nation's* wrongs we must redress.

Zaph. Must all thy former vows, and youthful love,
Be priz'd, but as illusions past, by her
Who built on them all hopes of earthly bliss ?

Orc. My faith is plighted to my country's cause.
And it would ill become Daranzel's son,
To listen to the syren song of love,
When Persia's glory's calls him to the field.

Zaph. Shall I relate this answer to the Princess ;
She whose affections, when her father's court,
Shone uneclips'd, and dimm'd the east in glory,
Spurn'd offer'd sceptres to reward *thy love* !
And now when fortune's clouded crescent wanes,
And ruin like the hair-suspended sword,
Hangs o'er the roof of crumbling monarchy ;—
Must the sad story of thy hearts defection
Destroy the only relict of her hopes,
Which fate, more merciful than thee, has spar'd ?
Is this thy solace for a bleeding heart ?—
Pause well, consider thou *unfeeling patriot* !

Orc. Unfeeling ! nay, the conflict of my soul
Denies the guilt of cold ingratitude.

Oh ! could Zaphira read this tortur'd heart,
E'en she, the fair enchantress of my reason,
Would weep to triumph o'er my mind's allegiance.—

This be my answer, then, to fair Zaphira----
 My life is not my own till Persia's free,
 Hereafter, if I live, I live for her.

Zaph. Oh generous Orcasto ! heaven preserve thee !
 Live for Zaphira ! 'tis Zaphira hears thee !

[Runs to embrace him, but faints in his arms ; as she falls, her helmet drops off, and discovers her face.]

Orc. Zaphira hears ! oh, my fond heart's first idol !
 Sweet angel maid, forgive my cold reserve,
 'Twas but the stern restraint of stoic pride !
 Look up Zaphira ! thine Orcasto loves thee,
 As the pure object of his soul's devotion,
 Warm as his hopes, and sacred as his country !

Zaph. [Recovering] My mind o'ercast with clouds
 of black despair,
 Could not endure so bright a ray of hope.

Orc. Thou hast surpriz'd the passion from my soul,
 O leave me, master of myself, Zaphira.
 The voice of Persia calls me from thy arms ;
 Let not thy charms entice me from her cause.

Zaph. I would not lure thee from the post of honor ;
 But if I have interest in thy heart,
 Grant me this one request---thy sword is drawn
 Against my father's life---thou know'st the strength
 Of filial love---pity a daughter's tears.

Orc. If ever I forget my love for thee,
 May he who hears my vows desert Orcasto.
 Ask not for more, lest I should grant too much.
 In war I must remember Calleon :---
 This is an hour of peace---if ought could buy
 Me from the cause in which I am engag'd,

A mother's threatened life might sheathe my sword.

Zaph. If thou art bent on war, grant me this favor,
The most a daughter asks; the least a son
Can give---should victory smile upon your arms,
Save thou my father from his empire's ruin;---
And if my tears can supplicate her life,
Zara shall yet survive to bless thy triumph!

Orc. O, virtuous maid, worthy of better fate,
Orcasto prays for victory, not revenge,
And should your father 'scape the chance of war,
I swear to save his life, nay, for thy sake,
Zaphira, I would almost spare his throne---

[*Trumpet heard.*

Hark! 'tis the trumpet's note that breathes alarm---
So near us too! thou can't not here remain;
I will conduct thee safely to the walls.

Zaph. Arlem, who led me hither, waits without.
His honest zeal is ample to protect me,
Without the risk of thy more valued life!

Orc. I know his well tried valor, and to him
Can trust with confidence my hearts best treasure.
Heaven's guardian angels wait upon thy steps!

Zaph. And crown with happiness thy virtues tri-
umph!

[*Exeunt together.*

S C E N E III. *The open Field.*

Drums beating, trumpets, &c. &c. without.

Enter OSMYN.

'Tis sure the signal of assault, and here
The tumult led---and now tis silence all!
An hour scarce past, Orcasto left the camp,

And this way wander'd--fad he seem'd and thoughtful,
 Perhaps the Princeſſ? no it cannot be!
 Suspicion cannot taint a soul ſo noble.
 Though ſoft as sympathy, to woman's tears,
 In virtue's armor clad, invincible,
 Not e'en Zaphira's beauty could ſeduce
 The lover's paſſions from the patriot's duty. [retires up.]

Enter ARLEM and ZAPHIRA, *Tumult without.*

Zaph. Oh, Arlem, whether ſhall Zaphira fly?

Oſm. The princeſſ! [Aside.]

Zaph. The tumult thickens, and draws nearer to us.

Arl. Fear not, my royal miſtress, Arlem's ſword
 Shall guard the ſafe though millions ſhould ſurround.
 His loyalty to thee ſhall nerve his arm
 With triple strength.—Fear not and let us on.

Zaph. Know'ſt thou the ſecret of this midnight war?
 Or does the love, thou bear'ſt my falling fortunes,
 Protect Zaphira, at thy life's adventure?

Arl. No danger can betide.—We're near the walls!
 When you to meet Orcaſto, parted from me,
 On the adjacent hill I kept my watch;
 Thence by the moon's pale light I ſaw a troop
 Sallying in silence from the city gates.
 Daranzel's centinels were bri'b'd or murder'd;
 For, under covert of the friendly shade,
 Projected by the battlements, they march'd
 Without obſervance, tow'rds the eastern camp,
 In which Orcaſto holds his ſtation:—
 If ſuspicion err not, Calleſon incenſ'd
 Has trac'd the ſecret of your mind's affection;
 And to prevent colluſion with the foe.

Who, by an union with the Royal house,
Might hope to place the crown upon Daranzel,
Has plann'd this treach'ry 'gainst Orcasto's life.

Zaph. May heaven, in *justice*, still remember *mercy*,
Forgive my father, and preserve Orcasto !

Arl. Our road of safety is to the northern tower,
Which lies far distant from the scene of slaughter.
The stern Belliferon commands the assault ;
For he alone of Persia's warlike sons,
Could meanly stoop to treachery and murder.

Zaph. Then strike him, Gods, with some swift light-
ning down.

Ne'er may he live, to see his crimes exalt him !
Raise to display your everlasting justice,
Some heroes arm to peirce the fell destroyer !
Oh ! may he perish, in the field inglorious,
This miscreant victim of his own ambition,
By whose infatiate, and abhorred lust,
A kingdom sinks, a nation weeps in blood !

[*Exeunt ZAPHIRA and ARLEM.*

OSMYN comes forward.

Belliferon heads the attack !—I thank ye Gods,
The hour of retribution comes at last.—
Yes, sweet Zaphira ! well hast thou deserv'd
A kinder father, and a juster cause !
Thy prayer is heard too—let Belliferon tremble !
Mid the thick war, the arm of justice waits him.
Silena's wrongs no more shall cry for vengeance.
Forgive, dear faint ! forgive this tardy zeal ;
Each recreant wound that gor'd thy mangled corse,
Calls me aloud to expiate thy fate ;

And here I swear, the sword which now I draw,
 Shall ne'er again its peaceful mansion seek,
 'Till vengeance, wing'd by Persia's angry Gods,
 Level the fierce barbarian with the dust ;
 Or death, descending from the tyrants arm,
 Cleave the warm heart, that beats but for Silena !

[Exit.

S C E N E IV. *The Palace,*

CALLEDON, *solus.*

Hence, bubble greatness ! since thy phantom power
 Has lost th' imposing charm of *sanctity*,
 Thy robust hardihood and sinewy arm,
 Which, ages long betide, had awed mankind,
 Have withered into base decrepitude ;
 And royal power, *unsprinkled* by the *church*,
 Is but a ghost to stalk aud to be gaz'd at !
 Should Casmir's specious promises ensnare
 Daranzels faith, he then is in my power ;
 And let him note it that I use it well !
 Spoil'd of their leader, his revolting rabble
 Shall fatten vultures, 'till they loath at carnage,
 Wide havoc whelm them 'till their slaughter swell
 The flood, that bears the fleets of my allies,
 Which thence may learn to dread the fate of those
 Who rear the impious standard of rebellion !

Enter CASMIR.

What tidings bear'st thou from Daranzel, Casmir ?
 Is he still bent on war ?

Cas. Immoveably.—

Cal. Does he despise my offered pardon ?

Cas. He mocks your offers and defies your power.

Cal. Does he not fear the strength of my allies?

Cas. His pride contemns the whole.

Cal. Vain man! knows not that Zara's in my power?
That I can writhe and goad his heart at pleasure?

Cas. I've pointed out his danger all in vain.
He stands unmov'd, in arrogance intrepid,
Smiles with complacence at your royal menace,
Braves all the fury of the gathering storm,
And holds its threat'n'd thunder in derision.

Cal. Where does this desperado place his hopes?

Cas. In the pretended justice of his cause,
And ill-tried valor of his troops---poor man!

Cal. What are those troops, that thus elate his
pride?

Cas. A rabble, resolute and fierce, as lawless.
Revenge! death! liberty! is all their cry.
Their zeal scarce curb'd by discipline, they scorn
Repose, and seem impatient for the fight.

Cal. Are they in posture of defence?

Cas. Alcanders's army just has join'd Daranzel's;
They've pitch'd their tents along the spacious plain,
And spread their numerous guards on every side.
Th' adjacent hills reflect their kindled fires,
And show their flag high wav'ring in the air,
As though they meant to court the stars to join them.
The river, castle and the fleet extend
Upon their right within a cannon's shot;
The city walls look down upon their front,
And bid defiance to their arms; the ocean
lies on their rear, forbidding a retreat.
Belliferon, if 'tis your royal pleasure,

Shall hem them in with walls invincible,
With hosts of loyal veterans on the left.

Cal. See that the gates are arm'd against assault,
Order the fleets to hold themselves prepar'd,
And let to-morrow's sun, when first he shines,
Behold his face reflected from the blood
Of rebels.—Bid Belliferon here.

His sword has never rusted in its scabbard ;
And should this night's adventure prove it trusty,
More glorious perils, with to-morrow's dawn,
Await its bold experiment. Destruction
Shall pour her deluge in on every side ;
And should Daranzel, whose proud contumely
Spurns offer'd pardon, stem the torrents course ;
His saucy head shall on a pike be carried,
To pay its homage to the king he scorn'd

Caf. Were I t'advise, my liege, I'd plot his death
By other means : He is well skill'd in fight ;
And many war prov'd veterans fill his ranks—
His army hang upon his tongue, and act
As with one soul, a timely blow should make
His ruin certain, and thy conquest sure.

Cal. How, Cafmir ?

Caf. Bartour would best perform the deed ;
Long taught in all the policy of war,
He knows full well to turn his hand to fraud :
When young he was Daranzel's brother-hero,
Let him forthwith go to the rebel's camp,
And feign himself an enemy to thee,
Daranzel will receive him as a friend—
A secret poignard may complete the rest.
Then let the royal army be prepar'd

To rush upon the foe, and the whole fleet
 Pour forth their men at once, they'll be confus'd
 Without their chief, and make but small resistance.

Cal. your counsel I approve—it shall be done.

Cal. My liege, I would not suffer a delay ;
 He has already grown too insolent ;
 In the imperial conqueror's stile, he spurns
 Your clemency and menaces your life.

Cal. Time was when mercy woo'd him to her arms ;
 He might have touch'd her sceptre and have liv'd ;
 But mercy never more shall interpose.
 Fly quick with orders to Belliferon !
 Have every soldier ready for the fight,
 Hew down the first who turns his back to death.
 But stay—command a message to the fleet,
 Let them on signal instant join the slaughter.

[*Exit Casimir.*

I'll stimulate Bartour's slow treacherous hand,
 And aim the poignard at Daranzel's heart—
 Then let the cannon speak my laws in thunder,
 'Till death's long list contain each rebel's name,
 And war's decisive voice assert my claim ! [*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E I. *A private Apartment in the Palace.*

CALLEDON and Attendant.

Cal. Quick, summon here Bartour !

Tell him I've secret business of import ;
Let no delay attend his lingering steps.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Vile swarm ! dare ye, with infect sting, provoke
My wrath ? flock round my throne—rais'd high
Above your impotence, it stands secure—
Your leader gone, I spurn your feeble efforts—[*pause.*]
What fearful thought whispers Daranzel safe !
If safe then *I* am on the *rack* ; my throne
Afloat on fortune's treacherous wave—so be't—
If it must sink, it sinks in blood ?

Enter ZAPIHIRA.

Zaph. My fire !
I beg you hear a suppliant daughters prayer,
Whose dearest object is her father's safety.

Cal. Let not your fond complaints abuse my patience ;
The insults offer'd to my crown, inflame
My soul—'tis not a time to hear entreaties.

Zaph. Frown not thus sternly on your child, who
feels

Her life and happiness bound up in yours :
You see the threat'ning dangers that await you—
Behold your realm all rising up to arms :
Might not th' impending storm be hush'd to peace,
And you still sit securely on your throne
By timely listening to the voice of mercy ?

Cal. Peace ! safety ! and the voice of mercy !
Go, trait'refs from my sight, nor dare offend
Mine ears with terms, that ill become thy tongue ;
Let puling babes lispe them to their fond mothers—
War, torture, and revenge, my voice shall echo,
Till from the earth I extirpate my foes.

Zaph. Look on your child ; behold her woe with grief,

And laden with a thousand cares for him,
Who sternly chides, and calls her traitress. Peruse
Each period of my life, and if you find
One disobedient act, then spurn my tears,
And banish me forever from your sight.

Cal. How has submission to my will been shown ?
Have you endeavour'd to suppress rebellion,
And check the daring spirit of my foes ?—
No, like a feeble-hearted girl, unfit
To claim relationship to crowns, you've stood
Between the traitor and my sword, and sav'd
The lives of those, whom justice doom'd to death :—
But you have done—your tears have lost their power ;
My heart is barr'd to woman's weak entreaty.

Zaph. On heaven's high throne, mercy with justice
rules ;
Let her mild voice be heard by you on earth :
Her sceptre will protect thy crown, and bind
Your subject's hearts—

Cal. Plebian vileness !—
Go, fawn to fools and traitors.—'Tis Orcasto,
The son of my inveterate foe, who moves
Thy tongue, dissembler—love, that spurns all law,
That levels royalty with turpitude,
And prates of filial duty, while it points
A poison'd dagger to a parent's heart.—
'Tis this, Zaphira, steals you from yourself,
And makes you alien to your father's throne.

Zaph. Alas my father ! didst thou know but half
The anxious love, that glows within my bosom,

With warm solicitude to guard thy safety,
 Thou would'st not heap reproaches on Zaphira ;
 Nor with the stings of undeserv'd suspicion,
 Consign thy daughter to her mother's fate,
 Who died in anguish of a broken heart ;
 The unmurmuring pang of melancholy grief !
 Like her inspir'd with pure affection's zeal,
 My hopes have been to make thy subjects happy ;
 And should thy stern unkindness wear this frame,
 To the pale precincts of its destin'd bourne,
 Like her, I'd pray thy throne might be secur'd,
 By equal justice and thy people's love—

Cal. No more ;

Away ! I know thee not,
 Thou child of treason ; I renounce thy kindred !
 And if the idle phantasies of love
 Still rule thy woman's weaknes,—sweet Zaphira !
 Go, weep for traitors, at thy mothers tomb ; [with irony.]

[Exit.]

ZAPHIRA, *solus.*

Down swelling heart ! thy malady is cureless ! [pause.]
 Yet must my father perish ? Oh ! could I
 With life's oblation sooth his foe's resentment,
 This willing bosom, (cruel as he is !)
 Should sheath my poniard and *their* swords at once—
 But no ! it would not be—Daranzel's hate
 Is singly pointed at the king's oppression,
 Which to his nature is so near affianc'd,
 No casuist, but death, can sever them !
 And is there then no reconciliation left,

To mediate between his pride and ruin ? [pausè.
None, lost Zaphira, none ! [is going.

Enter INDAMORA.

Oh Indamora !

Ind. What new misfortune thus o'erwhelms with
grief ?

Impart to me my share of all your woes,
And ease your heart of its o'er-bearing burden,

Zaph. You, since my royal mother's death, have been
My sole companion, and my only solace.

The pitying tear flows not from Calledon ;
Nor does the father's smile illume his face.
The dangers, that surround him, vex his soul,
And banish all that's tender from his breast.

Ind. The tumults of the realm may for a while,
Make Calledon neglectful of his daughter ;
But even his most inveterate foes behold
Zaphira's virtues with acknowledg'd friendship—

Zaph. Friendship is not allied to royal blood ;
To rocks and deserts with indignant scorn,
She flies from courts—O, my Indamora !
Do'st not thou see Daranzel bearing terror
E'en to the palace-gates ;—he now no longer falls
A humble suppliant at my father's feet ;
But, at the head of the whole realm, he points
A nation's vengeance to the throne of Persia.

Ind. Though victory may crown Daranzel's arms,
Yet will he be a generous foe ;—the brave
Are kind. One filial tear from thee, Zaphira,
Would sooth his vengeance, and preserve thy father !

Zaph. Daranzel well deserves the praise of valor,

Nor is his heart less generous than brave,
 But a whole nation's wrongs—the insults offer'd
 To all his friends, can never be forgiven.
 No sacrifice, that Caledon can make,
 Except his life, will calm a people's rage,
 Or expiate his injuries to their leader.

Ind. Nay, let not fancy's hydra woe's distress thee ;
 They mock the brain, and tempt to desperation !
 Let us retire, 'till this dire storm be past.
 To some frequentless place of refuge in
 Remotest Persia, where aloof from war,
 And persecuting foes, thy friend may cheer thee,
 Divide thy solitude and share thy fate !

Zaph. Oh ! Indamora ! how much you have promis'd
 As yet you know not ! but when you shall see
 My father fallen, and his foes demand
 My life, or sentence me to banishment,
 Shall not you blush to call Zaphira friend ?—
 The orphan daughter of a vanquish'd king,
 Is the last child in woe's wide family,
 To escape outlawry from the world's compassion ;
 For the rude cavils of unfeeling malice
 Are all the boon man's pity can bestow,
 The only dowry of her shatter'd fortunes !

Ind. No fate shall ever part me from Zaphira ;
 I am yours by all the ties of gratitude.

Zaph. You wound my heart—You owe no gratitude
 To me. My friendship's mingled with a crime :
 Nor had we known this interchange of loves
 Had not your parents, ignorant of your fate,
 Long time believ'd, that you had early fallen,
 A guiltless victim to the king's revenge.

DARANZEL,

Ind. Alas ! I never knew, who gave me birth ;
 Nor can I claim one drop of kindred blood.
 But *thee* I've found the *sister* and the friend.
 And trust me princess, though thy fortune's ebb,
 My life's best joys shall be involv'd in thine.

Zaph. Kind Indamora ! I must undeceive you.
 Come to my chamber, I will there divulge
 The important tale—the secret of thy birth,
 Which nothing, but the mandates of my father,
 Had kept thus long secluded in my heart. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II. *Daranzel's Camp.*

Stage partly light. Enter DARANZEL,

Meeting ORCASTO, ASAPH, and OFFICERS.

Dar. Veterans, our safety bids us watch the foe,
 And hold ourselves in readiness for battle.

Asaph. Throughout our sleeping ranks, each soldiers
 heart

Is wedded to his arms ;—Sound the alarm
 And every man is martiall'd for the fight.

Dar. See that our guards are strongly reinforc'd ;
 Ere morning dawns, we must expect assault.

[Exit Asaph.]

Why fits dejection on Orcasto's brow ?

Orc. I hop'd to find Alcander with my father ;
 To him I come a most unwilling herald
 Of sad disaster—Of his Osmyn's death !

Dar. Of Osmyn's death ! (with agitation) How
 fell the noble youth ?

Orc. Last night's eruption by the royal guards
 Upon our eastern camp, was check'd without

Much blood's effusion.—To pursue the foe
 Back to their battlements, a chosen troop
 Instant with gallant Osmyn were dispatch'd.
 Hard by the eastern wall they made a stand.
 At once a host came rushing from the gates ;
 Belliferon rode proudly at their head.
 Osmyn no sooner saw the exulting chief,
 Than on he spurr'd to meet his well known foe.
 He bade Silena look from heaven and see
 Her death reveng'd. The giant leader stood,
 Like some tall rock that spurns th' assailing wave,
 And with a sneer exclaim'd—“ What boy is this,
 “ Who from his mother's arms, thus eager flies
 “ To death ?” then bade the gazing multitude
 Look on, and see how rebels fell before him,
 Scarce had he spoke, ere Osmyn plung'd his sword
 Deep in his breast. The foe on every side
 Clos'd in, and aim'd their fury at the victor.

Dar. Was he deserted thus ?

Orc. Orcasto never left his friend in danger !
 When I beheld him thus besieg'd with numbers,
 Resolv'd to save his life or share his fate,
 I march'd my whole detachment to relieve him ;
 Soon as our horse arriv'd, the foe retir'd ;
 But ere my tardy hand could give him aid,
 Already cover'd o'er with wounds he fell ;
 Nor can the field's most diligent research
 Discover where his body is dispos'd.
 Thus with the choicest blood, that ever ran
 In freeman's veins, was vengeance dearly bought.

Dar. Oh, war, this is thy chanceful destiny !
 Well, since 'tis thus, give us the boon we seek ;

And if but one sad *hundred* should survive,
 To taste the sweets of law-protected freedom,
 Persia, tho' desolate, would still be happier,
 Than if 'twere peopled by a *million* slaves. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III. ZAPHIRA's Chamber.

ZAPHIRA, *discovered.*

O, dreadful night ! war, treachery, revenge,
 Stalk through thy shades, and give to darkness, horror !
 'Tis past the hour of our assignment ;—where
 Can Indamora stay beyond her promise ?
 If *soon* she comes not, Arlem's waiting at
 The palace gates will be suspected, and
 Alone, disguis'd 'mid this intestine uproar,
 Our visit to the prison will be dangerous.

Enter INDAMORA.

Ind. Your pardon, sweet Zaphira ! my delay
 Was held in conference with our faithful guide :
 The palace front was so beset with guards,
 He for our safety had obtain'd the key
 Of the west postern gate ; where, one hour hence,
 He'll wait to give us conduct to the prison....
 Mean time he hastens to Daranzel's camp,
 Whose friends, within the walls, are doom'd to feel
 The direst weight of Calledon's revenge.

Zaph. What new disaster thus inflames his vengeance ?

Ind. The spirit of revolt spreads thro' the city,
 And menaces the throne. The king appriz'd,
 Has order'd all his guards to scour the streets,
 And check sedition by promiscuous death.—
 I feel a thousand cares for Zara's sake,

More than a daughter's *transports* swell my soul ;
 The anxious fears that hover round her fate,
 Convert my bliss to exstacy of woe !

Brought up an orphan, mid my father's foes,
 Of birth unknowing, by my friends unknown,
 A solitary branch, by adverse storms
 Torn from its parent tree, and carried with
 The tempest, far from clime and culture ;
 Oh ! my Zaphira, in one little story,
 To know within a *prison's* cheerless walls,
 A mother *still exists* ;—of whom alas !
 Strain'd memory's ball can trace no lineament.
 And when I'm told the author of my being
 Lives in his country's love, its friend and hero,
 To hear this very night, is doom'd to end
 His life and glory by a murderer's poniard !
 To pass in one brief hour such fierce extremes
 Of bliss and agony, o'erpower my senses—

Zaph. Nay droop thee not. Daranzel still may live
 Thy heart is put to too severe a proof.
 The fault was mine ; and yet I err'd from love !
 When Arlem first came breathless from the tower,
 With ardent zeal and ominous report,
 That brave Caffander, captain of the guards,
 Had seen Bartour, with passport from the king,
 In rustic habit, pass the gate, that fac'd
 Daranzel's tent ;—Suspicious of his errand,
 Th' occasion's speed forbade a moment's lapse ;
 Nor could we hesitate to make the means,
 To guard Daranzel 'gainst the traitor's wiles,
 A living witness of his child's recovery.
 Full well I knew, the tale must wring your heart,

But thought th' endurance of one aching night;
 An evil, less acute and terrible,
 When 'twas inflicted to preserve a father.

Ind. O, cease, Zaphira, I deserve thy censure.
 This anxious bleeding heart will plead atonement.
 Thy kind affection loves my very sorrows ;
 I cannot now repay thee but with tears.
 Hereafter should the happy power be mine
 My gratitude shall show a nobler comment.

Zaph. A tedious, melancholy, restless hour,
 Must yet revolve ere Arlem can return.
 Protecting angels ! aid his embassy,
 And punish treachery with the death it merits.
 Come, Indamora, let our hopes sustain
 The lagging time's dull equipage of cares—
 These painful moments but prelude the joys
 That wait thee in the prison, where thy mother
 Already told the story of thy life,
 With throbbing expectation now awaits thee.
 Oh ! could I share a parent's sweet embrace
 Like thee transported, gaze upon her face ;
 With magic charm would one maternal smile
 This fluttering heart of all its fears beguile !

[*Exeunt:*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *Daranzel's Camp. Stage dark.*

BARTOUR, *in disguise, at a small distance from Daranzel's tent.*

Thanks to hypocrisy ! the deed's half done—
 How have I practis'd on these simple soldiers !
 Integrity, thou art the fool of fortune !
 The piteous boon of humble penury.—
 An honest heart's the play-thing of the courtier,
 Wound up, unwound, and finger'd at his will.
 Fair words are sure companions of foul deeds ;
 My task demands one vers'd in both, [pause] I would
 'Twere done ! this busy nestling of the heart
 Bespeaks at once abhorrence of its purpose,
 And sad misdoubting of its chanceful issue.—
 Yonder, unmov'd, that mighty chieftain stands,
 Whose fame so much disturbs the sleep of kings—
 Alone ! Alcander then has left his tent—
 An hour I've waited his departure—now,
 One well aim'd blow shall strike rebellion down,
 And fix the throne of Calledon secure.
 Bartour, thou'l thrive for this, be honored too—
 Nay fainted in the calender of this
 World's honesty—so very wise is man ! [Is going.

[ARLEM crosses the stage hastily with ASAPH.

Hah ! interrupted ! Arlein here ! I doubt
 Some mystery is brooding (in agitation) If I'm foil'd,
 Then, Calledon, as mariners desert
 Their sinking ships, I'll leave thee to the storm,
 And shelter in the offing. 'Tis the creed
 Of statesmen ; aye, and graver crafts-men too !

That smiling friend, smooth-tongued hypocrisy,
 That household God of half proud fortune's fav'rites,
 Has wrought more miracles on simple man,
 Than a whole charnel-house of martyr's bones !
 Herc then I'll wait conceal'd, and watch my prey ;—
 When young Daranzel fav'd my life !—I thank him !
 And to reward him, must I be his murd'rer ? [starts.
 Remorse I bid thee sleep ! [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Daranzel's tent.**DARANZEL discovered.**Enter ARLEM and ASAPH.*

Afa. I bring a man detected on our lines ;
 Who when discover'd, anxiously desir'd
 A soldier might conduct him to your tent,
 To bring intelligence of highest moment.

Arl. This letter for Daranzel, will unfold
 To him the purport of my secret message.

[gives *Daranzel a letter*]

Dar. (*Reads*) "The royalists are mustering in the
 streets,

" And marching to your camp.—Bartour,
 " Disguis'd, has past the gates ; you know his wiles.—
 " Be on your guard, and heaven preserve your life !"
 What friendly hand directs this timely caution ?
 " Your long lost daughter, call'd by thee, Florilla ;
 " Now Indamora."

Is then my dear Florilla yet alive,
 Whom for these fifteen melancholly years,
 Through many a sad vicissitude of fate,
 These eyes have wept with unavailing tears,

A victim of our cause ! is this illusion ?
 Or can you, generous friend, explain to me
 This mystery of fortune ?

Arl. All I know,
 Is little more, than that your daughter lives ;
 And has, from earliest youth, been bred at court ;
 'Till now, unconscious of her parentage—
 Zaphira has this hour reveal'd to her
 The secret of her birth, and of your danger :
 Solicitous to save a father's life,
 Her filial love commission'd this adventure.

Dar. Receive my heart felt thanks—Zaphira too !
 I did not hope for friends so near the king !

Arl. You've many advocates within our walls,
 Ripe for revolt, and ready to attack
 The guards ; to them in haste I must return.
 Sedition's breath now fans the spreading flame,
 That soon will rage in terror round the throne.

Dar. Conduct as worthy of the prize we seek ;
 Remember that the sword of war is drawn,
 Not to dispense unnecessary carnage ;
 But for the cause of justice and of man.—
 Asaph, conduct him safely through our camp.

[*Exit Arlem.*

*Enter BARTOUR, as ARLEM goes off, on the opposite side,
 coming forward cautiously.*

Dar. Some power divine still vindicates our cause—
 Freedom, for thee, no price can be too dear ;
 T'insure thy blessings on his injur'd land,
 The patriot freely spills his richest blood !
 Then what reproach of man, or curse from heaven,

Too great for him who fights t'inflave his race !

[*A trumpet sounds without—draws his sword.*
The eve of battle comes—eventful crisis !

Bar. (approaching) Why do I tremble ?

A woman's heart has feiz'd this coward breast. [*aside.*]

Dar. (after a pause kneels.)

Thou king of heaven, whose perfect eye looks through
The heart, to thee I make my last appeal !

Bar. O shame, Bartour !

A coward when thy courage is most needed. [*aside.*]

Dar. If false ambition prompt me to the field,
Lodge in this breast each weapon of my foe.

[*Bartour attempts to strike, but seems intimidated.*
But if I draw this sword for justice only,
Then give me life ; and by thy name I swear,
It never shall be sheath'd 'till Persia's free.

[*Bartour raises his hand to make the blow, Daranzel rises, and discovers him attempting to conceal his poniard.*]

Bar. I come, Daranzel ! to implore thy pardon !
You must with pitying eye behold the man,
Who weeps his late apostacy from freedom,
And flies the vengeance of an incens'd king,
To seek his safety under your protection !

Dar. My love of justice will protect the *just* ;
But let ignoble traitors, tools of power,
Smart with the rod of your offended king,
Cringe to his spleen, and fawn to his caprices.

Bar. And can that justice, which you boast so loudly,
Condemn unheard, in such opprobrious terms ?
In early life I once enjoyed your friendship,
But by defection from the cause you led,
I own, with shame, I merited to lose it.

Time now has wrought conviction ; and inspired
With freedom's flame, I brave the despot's frowns,
And join the banner of his hated foe.

Dar. When liberty unfriended, wandering mourn'd,
An exile from the realm, thy hand, Bartour,
More cruel than the tyger's paw, was first
To murder all, who dar'd espouse her cause ;—
Now, she assumes a sterner look, and strikes
A terror on her foes, you think it *safe*
To court her siniles, and seek Daranzel's friendship !

Bar. If I have been too *loyal* to my king,
Impute it to my *weakness*, not my *guilt*.
I here renounce my 'legiance to the crown,
And offer up my life a sacrifice,
To avenge the injuries of my much wrong'd friend !

Dar. My soul disdains thy hypocritic arts.
Go, fall upon thy knees before the youth,
By thee made orphans ; wash with repenting tears,
Thy murderous hands, so often stain'd with blood,
'Till then, go seek thy safety with his foes.

Bar. Honor might justify the bold attempt,
To check thy pride, and punish this disgrace ;
But innocence demands no vindication,
And laughs thy feeble malice into scorn !

Dar. Honor ! and innocence !
Those words but ill become a traitor's tongue.
Ungrateful man ! is this the sole reward,
Thou can't repay my life's exposure for thee !
Was it for this, when in our Caspian war
I saw thee overwhelm'd in battle's heat,
And instant on the wing, to save my friend,

I hew'd my passage through the exulting foe,
And snatch'd thee, miscreant, from a brave man's
sword !

Judge, by that act, how much I fear thy rage ;
And measure by this deed, thy guilt.

Behold my breast, scar'd with the wounds receiv'd
In your defence.—If guilt e'er harbor'd there,
Disclose the poniard you conceal, and shed
The tainted stream.—Silence becomes thee well,
And conscious shame unman's thy once brave heart.
Go then, thou ingrate ! say to Caledon,
The shield of heaven protects Daranzel's life.
Tell him you found me, as you wish'd—alone ;
And when I offer'd you my naked breast,
You durst not strike, but trembled like himself,
A guilty coward ! Well thou know'st, ta'en here,
Thy life is in my power ; but tell your master,
So much Daranzel scorns his minister,
He pities and forgives the wretch who sent him.

Bar. Since then you spurn my friendship's proffer'd
zeal,

Take from my slighted pride, my hate's resentment.

[*Daranzel smiles with contempt.*

Nay vaunt thee not ! Touch thee, and thou wilt feel.
Adders have stings, and lions are but mortal ! [Exit.

DARANZEL *solus.*

Bartour ! I weep thy glory's sad declension !
Is there in nature a more abject being,
Than the poor tenant of a prince's favors !
Whose fickle humor, insolent and pamper'd,
Shows, in one day, more *phases* than the moon,

And is more dangerous than the tide she governs !—
 Alas ! 'tis pitiful in this world's madness,
 That simple flesh and blood,—itself so frail
 And perishable—if you but call it *king*—
 (A thing, that sleeps, and eats, and walks, as I do,) Should by the knitting of its *vacant* brows,
 So cheat man's senses, and debauch his reason,
 That, with a *wand*, no bigger than a *ferule*,
 It turns his heart's humanity to steel ! [Exit.

S C E N E III. *A dungeon in the Royal Prison.*OSMYN *discovered in chains—leaning against the wall.*

[Cannon heard.]

What means that din, whose distant tumults wake
 The slumbering echo of these vaults of death,
 Where like the owlet in her ivied tower,
 Silence fits brooding in congenial gloom !
 This dreary cave, I ween'd was so remote
 From the proud sun, who lights the abodes of man,
 I had not hop'd to hear its walls resound,
 But with the clank of chains, and groans of death !
 Oh, had I perish'd when Belliferon fell !
 I then had died with honor, nor, had mute
 Oblivion been the burier of my fortune !
 But when enclos'd by host of foes, I fought,
 'Till valor's nerve was palfied with the conflict,
 Faint with these bleeding trophies—whelm'd beneath
 A grove of swords—to sink upon my shield,
 And in the sleep of life's suspended sense,
 Borne from the field, unconscious to be here
 Immur'd—to linger and to die by famine—
 Mads the thrall'd vigor of these mangled limbs,

And rouses phrenzy e'en to desperation ! [Retires up.]

Enter ORONTES.

Cannon heard.

Oron. Again ! I cannot be deceived ! 'tis battle's note !

Osm. My generous benefactor ! who, though tomb'd,
For many a year, beneath this dripping cell,
Has suffer'd not its dampness to incrust
The feelings of his heart ;—but from his own
Mere morsel, has supplied my nature's craving. [Aside,
If I could win him to our cause—I'll try it—

[comes down to him.]

What do thy thoughts so gaze upon, Orontes ?
I've watch'd thee by the light of you dim taper,—
On thy funk eyes, and furrow'd brows I see,
Thy mind's quick sentinel has ta'en alarm !

Oron. It has !

That busy, wakeful creature of the brain
Has found no food to feed upon so long,
That, like my body, it had almost funk
Into eternal sleep.—But with a zest,
More keen, than what anticipates our meals,
It craves the information of the day ;
Or rather of the night ; for by the journal
Of our scant fare, and my last broken nap,
I judge the night half gone.—

Osm. One might conjecture by the sounds we hear,
The day and night had join'd themselves in combat.

Oron. Those sounds stir up the small remains of life,
Or do I sleep and dream of battles fought
In youth ?

Osm. I do believe thou art awake,
And all the world beside.

Oron. For twelve long years,
 Confinement in this dreary cave of night.
 The memory of those martial scenes has cross'd
 My mind, on the light pinions of a dream ;
 And left no trace behind, but the dark shade
 Of recollect'd honors ;—now, alas !
 Fancy with memory wakes and brings to view,
 All the inspiring pomp of war, that lifts
 The veteran's soul, and elevates his valor. [*shouts heard.*]
 Hark, in the mix'd variety of sounds
 “The king” and “Freedom” fwell from rival tongues.

Osm. Fit words to be in competition ;—
 Never were pointed swords more opposite.
 What dost thou think the cause of all this tumult ?

Oron. My mind forbodes some great event—perhaps,
 The voice of liberty, which Calledon
 Thought safely silenc'd in this dungeon's glooms ;
 Has rous'd the nations up to arms *again.*
 O ! would 'twere so.—Heav'n grant the generous cause,
 That fail'd with us, may rule the tented field,
 'Till Persia, and ourselves once more are free. [*shouts.*]

Osm. Still louder shouts, triumphant shouts of free-
 men !
 My *heart* is in the battle's front—O, were
 These *chains* a *sword*, my hand should be there too !

Enter ARLEM.

Arl. Hail, veterans ! Do ye remember Arlem ?

Oron. The man, whose *treachery* confin'd me here ?

Arl. The man whose *loyalty* confin'd you here.—

Oron. Thy *loyalty* !

Thou slave to infamy and Calledon—

My miseries here for twelve benighted years,
Have brought thee, as their author, to my mind.—
Yes ! I with *curses* do remember thee !

Arl. 'Tis as I wish—their spirits yet unbroken.

[*Aside.*]

Stout-hearted men, I come to change your state.

Oron. Welcome. Ye cannot change it for the worse.

Arl. Then you'r prepar'd.—The king demands your lives.

Osm. What cherub moves his flinty heart to mercy !

Arl. Mercy ! then do'st thou deem thy death a kindness ?

Osm. From the base heart of Calleon, with vice So deeply stain'd, it seems a cordial drop, More rare, more welcome, than the scanty moisture The pilgrim finds upon the desert rock !

Arl. This is his will ;—'tis ours to execute ; But, tell me, which ye choose—to *live* or *die* ?

Oron. Unloose our chains, and give us arms once more ;

Then we're content to live, or die, like *men* !

Arl. Ye have your wish—here are two fwords, As good as e'er were clasp'd by veteran hands.

(*Unloosing their chains, and offering fwords.*)

Now you are free—say, will you fight for freedom ?

Osm. Let him, who dares oppose, come on and prove us.

Arl. Our foes are yet to seek ; brave men be trusty !

Oron. Keep us no longer in suspence. Make known The terms on which we are releas'd !

Arl. Then hear.—

This night is destin'd to decide the strife

Between th' opprefſor and th' opprefſ'd.—Both ſides
Have call'd their legions to the field.—Daranzel,
At the whole nation's head affails our walls.
Within rebellion menaces the throne.

The king, diſtructful of ſucceſs, ſtill breathes
Revenge. By his command, I am ſent to end
Each prisoner's life.—Bound by *humanity*,
The weaker ties of *loyalty* I break!

'Tis Arlem gives you *freedom* for your *chains*,
And *life*, instead of ignominious *death*.
Let this reverse your curses, and atone
For what you term my treachery; but know,
That I am not the firſt, who, with a heart
Averse to tyranny, have been the dupe,
The blinded dupe, of tyrants.

Oſm. Let our reſentment ruſt upon the chains
We leave.—Heaven ſhower its bлаſting on thy head!

Arl. Quick let us execute what we deſign.—
Free every prisoner that is worthy freedom;
Then join the ſtandard of our gallant friend;
His wife is yet confin'd within these walls,
And ſhould he, (as I greatly fear) rejeсt
Our monarch's terms, this night will be her laſt.

Oſm. Oh! could this ſword guar'd her defenceleſs
life,
And ſafe reſtore her to Daranzel's arms;
How gladly all the wounds I bore in battle,
Ere ſated vengeance leap'd upon her prey;
Nay all the tortures, ignominious pangs,
Of thofe vile shackles that diſgrac'd my manhood;
Would this weak frame, tho' half of life exhausted,
Again endure and triumph in its ſuffrance! [Exit.

Oron. The cause is worth the patriot's noblest blood ;
We follow thee to freedom, or to death ! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV. *Daranzel's tent.*

Enter DARANZEL and ORCASTO, meeting.

Orc. Without delay, the army needs your presence ;
The enemy are rallying from their gates,
And marching to our front. Araxes fills
Belliferon's place, and heads the royal troops,
Who seem to move reluctantly to battle.
The allies are debarking from their ships,
And form their ranks upon the adjacent shore.

Dar. We have no time to spare.
The castle, which o'erlooks the foreign fleets,
Must be the object of our first attack ;
There centres all their strength ; when this is ours,
The fleet and city lie at our command.
Alcander must conduct our motions here ;
Orcasto, with the horse, proceed against
The foreign troops, and stop their junction with
The king's :---meantime I'll make attempt to gain
The castle unperceiv'd, and conquer it
By storm...

Orc. Let me entreat you hear a son's advice,
Decline the dangerous duty you have chosen.
Nor with incaution rush on certain death.
The castle is strong arm'd by desperate men ;
And he who first ascends its walls, must fall.
Should this be you, our cause is lost indeed :
Each soldier's arm would be unnerv'd in battle.
Let then, my fire, this arduous task be mine ;
My anxious heart glows with the patriot's fire ;

And I can freely, proudly, *die* to gain
 My country's cause ; but cannot live to see
 A widow'd mother, weeping for my father,
 Whose life a son's, less worthy, might have sav'd.

Dar. Ingenuous youth ! thine be the glorious lot !
 May never fading laurels deck thy brow.

[*trumpet heard.*

The trumpet speaks the enemy at hand.
 We must betake ourselves, each to his post.—
 The important hour, before we thought is come,
 That must decide the fate of Caledon.
 Our friends, our country, and ourselves.
 Fortune and fame suspend, with equal hand,
 The scale of war. Be it our care to turn
 The mighty beam in favor of the world ;
 And give their long lost rights to injur'd man ;
 Or with expiring freedom greatly fall :
 Leave earth to kings, oppression, vice and shame,
 And crown the generous strife with endless fame !

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V. *Pantomime.*

A view of the Castle, Bay, and the Fleet.

BATTLE OF THE PERSIAN ARMIES,

ASSAULT AND CAPTURE OF THE CASTLE, AND

THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE FLEET.

(*Represented in Action.*)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E I. *A gothic chamber in the Prison.**A door in the back scene.* Stage dark.

Enter OSMYN.

How dismal echo the loud blasts of war,
 Thro' the dark windings of this nether mansion,
 This monumental pile of man's oppression !
 The key, which Arlem to my trust confided,
 When he return'd to escort the princess hither,
 Has open'd every subterraneous vault,
 Whose patriot tenants by the king confin'd,
 E're this, had slumber'd in inglorious death.—
 This by description, should be Zara's prison
 Grief's sad domain drear tenement of horror !

[clattering of swords without.]

The tread of tumult 'mid these solemn cells,
 Where grief itself is speechless, bodes discovery—
 This door precludes pursuit : should aught betide
 To threaten Zara's life, this privacy
 May prove the only refuge could protect her.—

Tumult without.] Exit through the door forc'd open with

[difficulty.]

CASMIR without.

Arlem's a traitor ! seize him guards, and drag
 Him to the palace !

[Enters.]

This knave's detection has suspicion in it.

His life shall pay the forfeit of his trust.—

I had not trac'd him, but his mode of late

Has mark'd him guilty of humanity.

And well I noted when the king did charge him

To scratch, at night, a few old rebel's veins,
 His baby conscience startled at the dagger !
 Two women mask'd were with him—chance the prin-
 cefs,

With some confederate in the stratagem,
 To rescue Zara from her father's vengeance !
 Arlem secur'd, the king will soon have news on't
 And blame my lagging purpose—now to business !

[Exit.]

Enter ZAPHIRA and INDIAMORA, (agitated)

Zaph. Lost and undone ! we have no time to lose,
 Before my father's wrath will bring him hither—
 And much I fear this hapless night's adventure
 Will rouse his rage, and speed thy mother's fate.—

Ind. Alas ! that I was born in hour so luckless,
 That not one kindly star can smile upon me !
 Doom'd by my wayward fate to suffer grief's
 Acutest thorns, that root and fester here ;
 Yet *had* this breast been destin'd to endure
 The sad monopoly of life's disaster,
 The pressure of thy woes indeed were lightsome ;
 But to exist to know *myself* most wretched,
 And that my miseries hold such rank contagion,
 That all my *friends* must be infected by them—
 Refines essential grief to mute despair !
 Fortune has plac'd me in so deep a vortex,
 So perilous and rapid, that who e'er
 Dares to extend a friendly hand to save me,
 Slips from the brink into the whirling gulph,
 And sinks to meet inevitable ruin !

Zaph. My dearest friend, your sorrows rave most
 wildly !

Indeed, thou know'st not with how proud a zeal,
 My heart, my life, are both devoted to thee---
 And whate'er hap betide the warring world,
 No power shall part us, and no fate divide.
 But come, th' occasion stirs---there yet is time,
 If Zara still be here, to trace her out,
 And warn her of her danger ; nay, perhaps
 Amid the moment's bustle, chance may offer
 To elude the guards and favor her escape.

Ind. By different routs we'll search her, and return
 Here instantly, should either be successful.

[*Exeunt at opposite sides*

Enter ZARA.

Upper wing.

Arlem detected ! hope is then extinguish'd !
 For he alone of all the tyrant's slaves
 Had feeling left to sympathise with woe,
 Or manhood to protect an injur'd woman !
 The keen endurances I here have borne,
 Since first these arms were widow'd of their lord
 Would far exceed my hours in computation ;
 But melancholy cannot count her sighs,
 And sorrow keeps no calender but tears.— [Pausè
 A conflict, how severe this night has witness'd !
 Cheer'd with a mother's hope—my only bliss—
 To fold a long lost daughter to my heart ;
 Three watchful weary hours I've pac'd the aisle,
 Whose windows front the bay, from thence to learn
 Ought could occasion Arlem's painful absence ;
 But now alas the mystery is develop'd,
 And with it all my hopes for ever buried !

Enter IN DAMORA, behind.

Ne'er shall these eyes, so long inur'd to scenes
 Of gloomiest horror and of dark despair,
 Again revisit the abodes of day.
 Or gazing on my dear, deserted orphan,
 Melt with a transport, which can find no utterance,
 Oh, my lost child ! forever lost Florilla !

INDAMORA comes forward.

Ind. It is, it must be, for I *feel* thou *art*
 My *mother* ! Nature is most absolute ! [embracing.
 Now have we met never to part again.

Zara. Does my wild fancy feed on airy dreams,
 And with illusions mock me ? No ! 'tis real.
 I see each feature---Oh ! my dear daughter !
 Do I once more embrace thee in my arms ?
 All gracious heaven ! how bounteous is thy care.
 When most we murmur at thy dark decrees,
 Then most thou art preparing blessings for us !

Re-enter CASMIR, behind.

Cas. This woman has escap'd me. [starts seeing them.

Ind. But oh ! to meet thee thus is agony.
 The king breathes nought but vengeance, and this night
 Designs thy life a victim to atone
 His pardon's proud rejection by Daranzel.

Zara. His wrath I fear not---I'm *prepar'd* to meet it,
 In this one moment have I rifled all
 The bloom of life's best joys, and should I sink
 Beneath the edge of his resentment now,
 I leave not one untasted bliss behind me.

Cas. (seizing her with one hand, and holding a dagger
in the other.)

Take then thy wish ;---the king has sign'd thy death :
And I am here to execute his purpose !

Zara. Russian beware ! thy life atones thy rashness.

Ind. Oh ! stay your hand ! if ever mercy thou
Wilt need, forbear as thou *expectest* mercy.

Cas. Babbler stand off—Mercy's a culprit's virtue.

Ind. Then plunge thy weapon here, let me receive
The blow, and save a *mother's* life.

Cas. A mother ! then there's treason here a plot-
ting—

That word has fix'd her doom.

Ind. Oh, horror ! horror ! (loudly,) [*faints and falls.*]

Cas. This moment is thy last.—[to *Zara*.]

[*Zaphira* enters and seizes *Casimir's* arm as he is going to
[strike.]

Zaph. Stop, vile assassin !—if thy dagger's point,
Tho' dip'd in aconite, still thirsts for blood,
Then in thy heart's more poison'd core dispose it ;
But if, (for much I doubt thee rank in crimes,)
Thou still inhibit'st thy accrû'd design ;
If thou canst basely stoop to soil *man's* honor,
A woman may outstrip *her* nature's laws,
And seize thy *lost* prerogative—to tell thee,
In the face of thy most valiant daring—
Coward ! that prisoner shall not die by thee !

Cas. I did not know *Zaphira* interpos'd :—
I came to execute your *father's* will,
And can *his* child protect a *rebel's* life ?
But if such clemency *Orcasto* teach thee,
Know that the mandates of a *king* outweigh

The feeble menaces of shallow woman !

(Osmyn bursts open the door in the back scene, and comes forward with a drawn sword)

Osm. Nay then, since woman cannot touch thy pity,
A soldier shall demand thy valor's proof.

Cas. Who art thou, intruder, that dares to
doubt it ?

Osm. A man ! thou could'st not answ're thy.

Cas. In wordy warfare braggarts baffle heroes,
For brave men only argue with their swords.

[they fight off the stage.]

Zara. Revive my child—Heaven never will desert
The prayers of virtue at its latest need !

Ind. (Recovering.)

And art thou safe my mother ? oh, Zaphira,
Thou art indeed misfortune's guardian cherub !

OSMYN Returns.

Osm. Curs'd chance ! these vaults are so perplex'd
with mazes,

In the dark lab'rynth he escap'd my vengeance.

Zara. Oh, generous, brave preserver ! noblest friend !
Accept the warmest thanks, that heart e'er offer'd !—
But say, by what yet unaccounted fate,
And durance here, thou hast acquir'd the means
Of thy deliverance and of our protection ?

Osm. The tale were long and irksome—much too sad,
To give thee pleasure ; but, suffice it now,
To render up my gratitude to heaven,
That mid the woes which cloud my chequer'd life
This happy hour which brings me to your aid,
More than repays for all my miseries past.

Zaph. Now let us hasten from these drear domains :
Casmir's escape portends our instant danger.

Osm. That door through which I issued, chance
discovered---

Its hinges, by the dews of time corroded,
Bespeak it now disus'd; perhaps unknown ;—
Driven by pursuit to force its bolts for shelter,
I found it open'd on a winding vault
Clos'd by a narrow staircase, which ascends,
Crossing the ancient armory of the castle,
Up to the turrets on its battlements.
In that retreat you may elude research,
Thro' this tumultuous and eventful night ;
'Till orient freedom dawning with the sun,
Light your departure from its walls forever !

Zara. Exalted worth ! our lives can ne'er return
A tribute worthy of thy heart's deserving.

[noise without]

Zaph. Haste, we're surpris'd ! fly, fly ! or all is lost !

[As they are going enter CALLEDON and Guards.]

Cal. Ah, base conspirators !

Now have I trac'd you to your secret haunts !
Well may you join yourselves to the vile dregs
Of cringing poverty and plotting treason,
Guests, that the prison walls might blush to own !

Osm. If, to protect defenceless innocence,
Incense thy merciless, unfeeling heart,
I here implore thy pardon for these women ;
But, for myself, I hold in equal scorn,
Thy indignation, or thy clemency !

Cal. Caitiff ! what dæmon let thee loose from *hell*,
To feel thy torments doubled here on *earth* ?

Osm. Torments ! the pangs of death were ecstasy,
If borne to punish infamy like thine !

Cal. Then feeble shade ! vile refuse of sedition !
I'll teach thee to revere the power of kings !

[They fight furiously—*Osmyn is disarmed and bound by the
guards—Caledon stands with his sword uplifted.*]

I will not strike thee ; instant death were mercy ;
But lingering agonies shall be thy doom !

Osm. Writhe, if thou dar'st each fibre of my heart,
And, as its life-stream flows, count drop by drop !
E'en to my latest pang I'd smile, to show thee
How much a patriot soul is thy superior !

Cal. Great as thy arrogance, shall be thy torment.
Prepare the rack.—Bartour shall see thee tortur'd,
'Till thy nerves crack, and my revenge is fated.
And since his cowardice has spar'd *Daranzel*,
The wife's disposal shall be made more certain !

[half aside.]

Zara. Quick let him execute his king's commands.
Already have I drain'd the cup of sorrow ;
Nought but the bitter dregs of life remain.
And when thou'st shed the blood of all our race,
And murder'd husband, daughter, son and wife,
Then may'st thou boast thy victory complete.

Cal. Begone, and speak not ! or my swelling wrath,
Will tempt me to forget my pride, and stain
A monarch's sabre with plebeian blood !

Zara. Strike, then, thou tyrant ! I defy thy wrath !
Death will but land me on that peaceful shore,
Beyond the stormy sea of life's disaster,
Where, plac'd above thy brief authority,
'Twould be my pleasure, great as heaven could give,

To see proud victory burnish with her smiles
 The godlike splendor of Daranzel's arms ;
 To see him hurling, with the tempest's might,
 Thy power to dust, thy palaces to ruins ;
 And to complete the triumph of his glory,
 Giving his country happiness and peace !

[*As Calledon is drawing his sword, Indamora kneels between him and Zara.*]

Ind. O, spare her ! see her child, whom thou hast rear'd,

In fervent duty kneeling at thy feet !

Hear then what pitying heaven delights to hear,
 The humble wretch's supplicating prayer !

Cal. Unhand me, viper ! I will hear no more !

Zaph. Indeed, my father ! *thee* alone she pleads for ;
 Thy fate depends on *Zara's*.—Do not blindly
 Rush on destruction which thou might'st escape !

Cal. Call me not father ; rather blush with guilt ;
 And tremble, while you learn the fate
 Of your colleagues in parricidal treason !

Osm. Oh, justice ! since thou hast forsook the earth ;
 Speak from thy natal heaven in peals of thunder,
 And blast the fiend who tramples on thy laws !

[*Cannon heard, and loud shouts.*

Enter BARTOUR, in haste.

Bar. My lord, thy safety calls thy instant care.

Cal. What tumult thus assails our prison's walls.

Bar. Your guards have been attack'd, and Arlem
 rescu'd.

Cal. Aye, there's another thorn ! how wears the
 fight ?

Bar. Confusion worse than I can paint ! our foes
Have gain'd the castle by a furious storm,
From whence, with well directed fire, they've rak'd
The fleet ; all that can sail have left the port,
And drove for safety to the open main.

Cal. Perdition sink them ! how has gone the field ?

Bar. When from the light of many a ship in flames,
The rebels saw the fleet with plying oars,
And sails expanded, flying from the port ;
Forthwith three loud huzzas rung thro' their ranks ;
Then on they rush'd as with one soul :—Dismay'd,
Our army have in wild disorder fled.
Their leaders strove to rally them in vain !
The scatter'd troops, except a veteran few,
Still loyal to their king, have join'd the foe.

Cal. Traitors ! the scourge of kings, and scorn of
men ! *[cannon and shouts.]*

Bar. Thou hast, my liege, no moment's time to spare,
Ere this Daranzel storms the city's gates.

Cal. Quick summon all my soldiers to the palace !

[going.]

Stay ! guards remain ! Bartour, the only terms,
On which thou canst retrieve thy blemish'd honor,
Are that you execute without delay,
That traitor Osmyn, and Daranzel's wife !
Bring me your sword bath'd with their heart's warm
gore ?

Tho' vanquish'd, I will triumph o'er my foes !

[Exit Caledon and part of the Guards.]

Bar. Guards, seize that pris'ner—bind him to the
wheel !

And, as for the—

[He approaches to lay hold of Zara, the prisoners who have been released, enter at the door in the back with Arlem at their head, who run to protect her---Osmyn is unbound and receives a sword.

Arl. (To the women) Be not alarm'd retire in safety.

[The women go out at the door in the back.

Bar. What magic hand has conjur'd up these ghosts.

*Avaunt ! base herd ! or if your ghastly forms
Have blood, our swords shall try its temper.*

Arl. Our hearts have courage, and our arms have nerves.

Osm. Come on and see whose lot it is to bleed !

Guards and prisoners fight off the stage.

OSMYN and BARTOUR return fighting ; BARTOUR falls.

Bar. 'Tis done ! and I alas ! am doom'd to fall,
The victim of those crimes, which rais'd my glory !
Thy better sword has pierc'd a treacherous heart,
Polluted with misdeeds of deeper die,
Than is this crimson tide of ebbing life.

Osmyn ! I know thee well ; and that thou hast
Been loaded heavily with sharpest sorrows.
Forgive me :—I in part have been their cause ;—
But all thy miseries would I gladly bear,
To live one hour, one guiltless hour, like thee—
Night closes round me—Heav'n reward thy suff'rings—
I dare not—ask—its blessings—for myself ! [Dies.]

Osm. Is this Bartour, companion of my youth,
Whose breast once glow'd with sentiments of honor !
If royal favors have debas'd thee thus,
Happy the man, whom dungeons bar from courts !

[Exit at the door in the back scene.]

SCENE II. *Front of the Palace.**Cannon, tumults, shouts, &c.*

CALLEDON, GUARDS, &c.

Cal. Stand to your posts ! for shame ! resume your valor !

Is fear an ague, that it shakes you thus ?
 Who first retreats from danger, first meets death.
 Soon as Daranzel enters here; receive him,
 As should become a Persian soldier's fame !
 Deal him the fate a *rebel* well deserves.

Enter DARANZEL, ASAPH, Officers and Soldiers.

(*A flourish without.*)

Dar. Who are those trembling slaves, who dare oppose

The triumph of those arms that make them free !

Cal. Hinds ! base born minions ! stand ye thus aghast !

Dar. If ye respect, or fear, your king—stand forth
 Like men in his defence ! if not, resign

Those arms you dare not use, and sue for pardon !

[*Guards lay down their arms*

Cal. Oh, heaven and earth ! Is this the fate of
 kings ?

To be debas'd by cursed conspirators,
 And mingle with the dust of peasants' feet !

Dar. To this sad state thy unexampled crimes—
 Schem'd to enslave thy people, have reduc'd thee !
 Those cringing parasites, who barr'd thy throne
 Against all access to the friends who lov'd thee ;
 Whom thou, so credulous of courtier's praise,

Did'st like the nursing pelican, support
 E'en with the vital stream, that nourish'd thee !
 Have with such thrifty zeal so fleec'd thee of
 Thy subjects' loyalty, that those devices,
 Forg'd with so nice a cunning, to enrich
 Their own promotion, have recoil'd upon them ;
 And crush'd beneath the ruins of thy throne,
 'The subtle ferrets, that had sap'd its base !

— But I have done : my sword shall ne'er be stain'd
 With so dispis'd a triumph, as revenge ;
 And if that this severe experiment
 Has now convinc'd thee, that, to govern well,
 A king shoul'd rule with *clemency* and *justice* ;
 'Then live, and *reign* ; be happy with thy people !
 I fought for *freedom* only ; and I'd rather
 The sanction of the establisht powers shoul'd give it,
 Than throw for't with the die of *anarchy* !

Cal. Prate on, pretender ; législate for slaves !
 And the loud clan of slander-preaching patriots !
 But royalty disdains the prostitution !
 My life, or death, I scorn alike from thee ;
 And to receive a *kingdom* from thy gift
 Would prove a curse, so prodigal in misery,
 That e'en the *sceptre*, like the levite's rod,
 Would turn a *serpent* to destroy the wretch,
 Whose abject baseness brib'd him to accept it !

Dar. Thy arrogance I'll humble with thy power.
 [They fight desparately--Calledon is wounded several
 times, and at last is disarmed.]

Now haughty prisoner, hear thy destiny !
 Since *mercy* thou hast spurn'd, I give thee *justice* !
 Shut from the light of heaven 'till death release thee,

In shameful durance shalt thou wear those chains,
So often bound by thee on better hands ;
And hear, what well may make the tyrant's life
A curse—the songs of liberty and peace,
Sung by the people whom thou hast enslav'd !

Cal. Nay ! Calleon shall live, and die, a king.

[*Stabs himself, and falls.*

Oh ! cursed fate ! distraction seize my soul—
Ye powers above, I ask no help of you ;
Dæmons infernal have usurp'd your place—
Oh ! for a grave in the dark womb of chaos !
That I might raise the elements to war,
And thunder desolation thro' the world ! [Dies.

Dar. Thus perish ever that imperious pride,
That gorges on the miseries of man !

Asap. The foe is vanquish'd—and the victor's meed
Shall be immortal in his country's blessings !

Dar. Now, onward to the prison ; there Orcasto
Ere this has reach'd ; and if our fortunes flag not
Has rescu'd Zara from the threaten'd blow
Of tyrannous revenge.

Enter ARLEM.

Ar. More than success has crown'd thy arms,
Daranzel ;

Thy wife, protected by the gallant Osmyn,
Safe lodg'd within the palace, waits to hail thee !

Dar. Osmyn alive ! and Zara too recover'd !
But say—my Indamora—my lost child—

Ar. She too awaits thee, and with filial tears,
That bless with speechless thanks her brave preserver,
Enhances all the pledges of thy triumph.

Dar. The arm of providence is *moral justice* !
 I *lov'd* my *king* ; but he did prove a *tyrant*—
 I *lov'd* my *country*, and I *slew* her *foe*.
 That I *lov'd* *Zara*, all could freely witness ;
 But that I would not *purchase* her release,
 And *sell* my freedom, is most true ; and now,
 The blessings of my *God* reward my labors !

*Enter OSMYN, ORONTES, ZARA, INDAMORA, and
 Prisoners.*

Dar. *Zara*, thrice welcome to my arms again ;
 [Embracing.]

Zara. Unlook'd for *bliss* ! transporting change of
 fortune !

To 'scape from dungeons, whose benighted walls,
 Dark as my hopes, did yield no gleam of light—
 To owe my safety to a stranger's valor—
 Hear my brave son *victorious*—find a daughter,
 My long lost child recover'd—and embrace,
 My country's saviour, in my bosom's lord ! [embrace.]

Dar. Is this—my child—my dear, my lost *Florilla*.

Ind. (kneeling) It is my father—oh ! bestow thy
 blessing !

Dar. Come to my heart—divide thy father's love ?
 (embraces.)

My conquest and my joy are now complete !
Osmyn ! thy veteran virtues well deserve
 The gratitude and friendship of a soldier.
 Thy valor merits better fate, than what thy brow,
 That register of ills, bears recond of !

Osm. The journal of my life has e'er been blotted,
 With sad successive sorrows ;—till, thank heaven

This night has writ fair lines, unbound my chains,
And arm'd me once again in freedom's cause !

Dar. The choicest blessings, peace and freedom give,
Reward thy worth, brave man !

Oron. Shut out from friendship and from fame, en-
tomb'd

In prison, I have been dead to all the world ;
Till this blest hour, to me the first of life,
Restores me to my country and my friends !

Ind. I feel the general joy ; but yet there is
A melancholly gloom, that clouds my bliss—
Zaphira's sorrow wounds me to the heart.
Virtue like her's claims all our sympathy.
When told of her unhappy father's fate,
She swoon'd with terror, and the blight of grief,
Nipp'd her young beauties, like th' untimely frost
That feeds upon the lilly's cheek, till all the tears,
Which fall from sorrow's lids, cannot recall
Its blossem'd fragrance to the withering stalk !

Dar. My fword was drawn to guard the just, and set
My country free.—'Tis time Zaphira knows,
The tears of innocence can melt the heart,
That never trembled in the field of battle !

Enter ORCASTO and ZAPHIRA.

Orc. If I deserve a father's approbation,
Permit me from a heart, that would have bled
To spare, what fate denied—the royal person—
To ask, for an unhappy orphan daughter,
The friendship and protection of Daranzel !

Dar. I know her virtue, and thy love, Orcaſto !
And when the memory of this night is lost,

In brighter days ; let them reward each other,
 For know, Zaphira, while Daranzel lives,
 Whate'er the father, or the friend can do,
 Shall crown thy life with every boon of fortune !

Zaph. Exalted virtue ! I did know thee *brave* ;
 But thou hast added to thy wreath of valor,
 A pearl of rarest worth—benign humanity !
 I must indulge the sorrows of this night ;
 'Tis nature's debt—a parent claims these tears !
 A happier day shall show my gratitude !

Dar. Veterans ! the harvest of your toils is ripen'd.
 Now let this war of bleeding brothers cease ;
 To battle's trump, succeed the lute of peace !
 But ah ! our *victory* is but *half* obtain'd,
 If *faction* governs, where a *tyrant* reign'd ;
 Then, on the ruins of the despot's throne,
 Let *law*'s firm temple rear its sacred zone,
 Where *equal justice* shall dispense her sway,
 And every patriot's creed shall be—*Obey* !

END OF THE TRAGEDY.

EPILOGUE.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF BOSTON.

I TOLD the teasing author of the play,
I knew not what in his behalf to say ;
But, fearful of his fate, he begged so hard,
That I could not refuse the piteous bard.

I speak extempore, and should I wander,
Far from the road of sense, I trust your candor.
What shall I say ?—why do not swear and scoff,
And, by your leaves, I'll try to take you off.

If Pope is right, that prince of rhyming elves,
That all our knowledge is to know ourselves,
How can we better, pray, employ our time ?
I'll speak the truth,—so help me king of rhyme !
A playhouse is an ample field for satire ;
Let's use it freely, tho' without ill nature.

But stop—to look around me, will be right ;—
Upon my word, a very pretty sight !
Where young, and old, in motley mixture sit,
And grave, and gay, in Gallery, Box, and Pit ;
Where well dressed lads display the frizeur's power,
And wigs, far whiter than the cauliflower !

What youth is that, so talkative and loud,
That thrusts his pretty face from out the crowd ?
From Julien's are you, Sir ?—I know your forte ;
Eat soup—play high—cry “ *that's your forte !* ”
To prove your courage, swear away, like thunder,
While friends admire and strangers stare with wonder !
Ride out to Bird's, and play at bowls o' Sunday,
And swear it is not worse than on a Monday.
Most freely I acknowledge, Sir, your merit,
And when you've drank your grog, I grant you don't want *spirit* !

Say, who are you, far graver than physician ?
I know you, now, Sir ;—you're a—politician !—
“ Great news”—O, what ?—The French have not received
“ Our Envos ; is the story, Sir, believed—
“ O, sir, 'tis true ; as friends, they'll never greet ye,
“ Unless you break that cursed British Treaty !
“ Allowed to arm, too ! sir, th' administration,
“ Unless resisted, will undo the nation !—

I see, sir, you're a Jacobin—“ No, in reality
“ I'm a true friend to Liberty and Equality !

EPILOGUE.

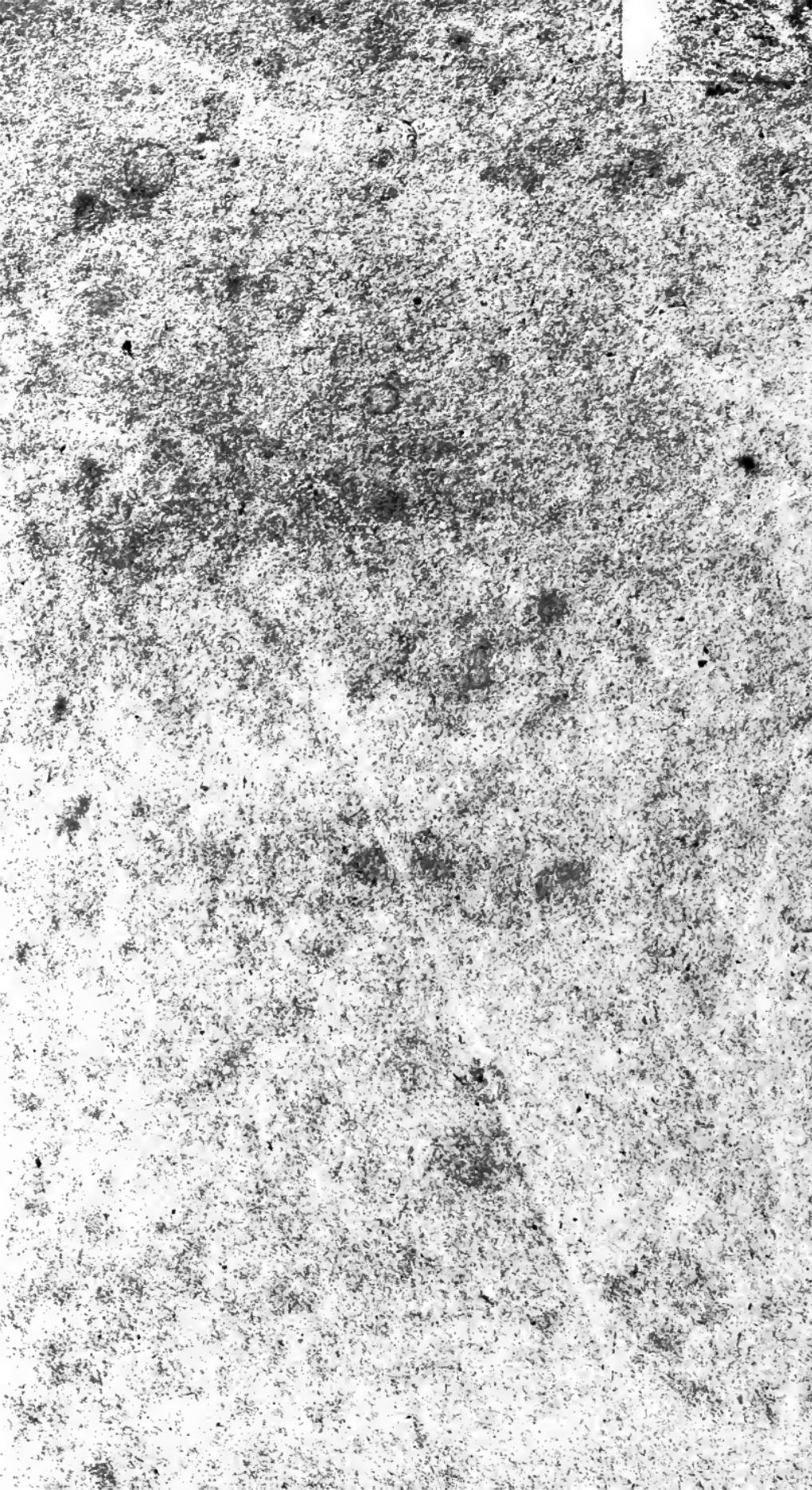
“ And tho’ of French Directors, ’tis the creed,
“ That we, poor *Yankees* are of *spaniel* breed ;
“ Yet, will our *masters* kindly loose our collars,
“ If paid the “ *dog tax* ” of twelve million dollars ! ”

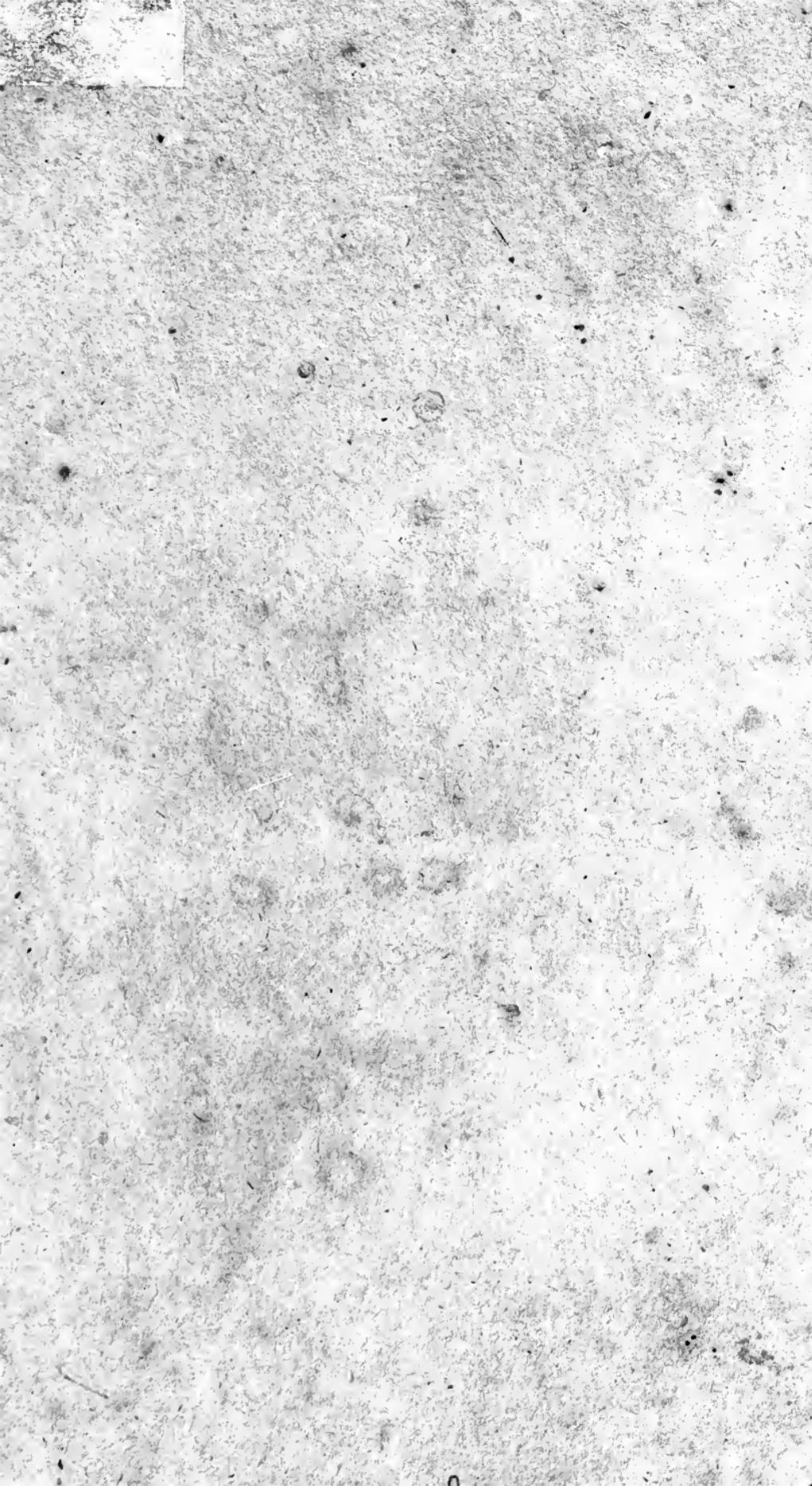
Take my advise, *Sirs*, and this nonsense drop ;
Resume your yard-stick, and attend your shop ! —

In yonder box, I see a charming maid ; —
Not you, *Miss Pert*, who toss so high your head :
Whilst manners, taste, and sense, and sweetnesse vie,
To aid the keen destruction of her eye,
What pity she should unstring Cupid’s fell-bow,
By showing the *bare bones* of either elbow.
Hide then, *O*, hide the far too naked arm,
For modesty gives a double charm !

Such are the trivial faults, absorbed and lost,
Amid the blaze of virtues, that you boast ;
If then you will receive this flight essay,
By way of Epilogue, to this our Play ;
If what I’ve said will pass instead of wit,
Your hands applaud me, and your hearts acquit !













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